



IN FLANDERS FIELDS

SONG

Words by
LIEUT. COLONEL McCRAE

Music by
J. DEANE WELLS

60
IN CANADA

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MUSIC

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place;
And in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead,
Short days ago we lived,
Felt dawn, saw sunset glow;
Loved, and were loved,
And now, we lie
"In Flanders Fields."

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch;
Be yours to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us (who die)
We shall not sleep:
Tho' poppies grow
"In Flanders Fields."

John McCrae

In Flanders Fields

Words by
Lieut.-Col. JOHN McCRAE

Music by
J. DEANE WELLS

Andante con forza

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, starting with a *fff* dynamic. It features a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, creating a somber and powerful atmosphere. The tempo is marked *Andante con forza*. The piece concludes with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking.

Andante con tenerezza, marcato

In Flan-ders Fields the poppies blow Be-tween the crosses, row on row, That mark our place;

colla voce

con anima

allargando

And in the sky The larks still bravely singing, fly, Scarce heard a-mid the guns be-low.

Andante sostenuto, with much feeling

rall.

We are the dead, Short days a-go, we lived, Felt dawn, saw sunset glow;—

rall.

Slow, with intense feeling

Loved, and were loved, And now, we lie "In Flanders Fields."

rall.

Lento

dim.

ppp

Bugle Call (*The Charge*)

Marziale

fff

rall.

Marcia con moto, with fire

ff

Take up our quarrel with the foe, To you, from failing hands, we throw The torch; Be

ff

Slower and well marked

cresc.

allargando *fff* *Slow, well marked*

yours to hold it high, If ye break faith with us (who die) We shall not

colla voce

ff

sleep: Tho' poppies grow "In Flan - ders Fields." *rall.*

Marcia con moto
fff a tempo

Marcia con moto, with fire
ff

Take up our quarrel with the foe, To you, from failing hands, we throw The torch; Be

Slower and well marked
cresc. *allargando* *Slow, well marked*
fff

yours to hold it high, If ye break faith with us (who die) We shall not

colla voce
ff

sleep: Tho' poppies grow "In Flanders Fields." *rall.*

rall.
colla voce

Low in B flat

Medium in C

High in D

GLORIA.

SACRED SONG.

Words by
M.C. SCHUYLER.

Music by
A. BUZZI PECCIA.

Grandioso. **Largamente declamato**

Voice. *Glo-ry*
Sia lo-de a

Piano. *ff* *3* *3* *3*

God who from the heav'n a - bove Rul - est su-preme the
Te - che dall'immen - so ciel So - vra-no reg-gil

f

pp *rit.* **Andante tranquillo.**

world, Rul - est su-preme the world.
mondo Sia lo - de a te -

pp *rit.*


Glory O God who from the heav'n above, rulest supreme the world.

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power of the budding April time,
Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in praising, Thee, O Lord divine.
So the breeze on the seas, neath a cloudless summer sky,
Shows thy face reflected, from the great throne on high!
In the dark day of sorrow our comfort Thou art,
From Thee must we borrow all solace for the heart.

God is there. Haste, His mercy implore; All acclaim His great name, Sov'reign Lord, for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all;
Who to thy power doth all mercy unite.
Works of man endure not, all they pass in a night:
Thou for ever reignest in thy splendour and might,
Glory thou who art Lord of all;
God of love, God of love, God of might, God for ever.

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